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Hair obsession

[jane](#) [jeff](#) [j+j](#)

57 2 6

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

"NOT, my hair. Jeff, you touch my hair I'm gonna punch you!" I scream, putting my hands over my head, protecting my hair from what I know is gonna come.

I feel one slight tug, then he starts braiding it.

I sigh, "Jeffrey... Woods..." my hands slowly come down from my hair to my sides.

He chuckles, not looking at me, but at my hair, "What?"

"My hair... you're touching my hair."

He continues braiding, "I know. But I like your hair, I really do."

Chapter 2 by GuardianAscension



I sigh and roll my eyes, "Jeff!"

He continues, this time pulling me a bit closer and tightens the braid, "What kind of shampoo do you use?" he asks.

"I'm going to hurt you," I say, as a threat, but I really wouldn't. He's a nice boy and all. But his hair fetish is a bit creepy, and it seems to have to be my hair.

When he's done braiding, he puts his hand in front of my face, but doesn't say anything. "I don't

have a rubber band," I say.

"Yeah you do. It's on your ankle."

Ugh. I hate it when he finds stuff like that out. He usually doesn't like to keep him from noticing

when I hide things. "Okay."

"Take your shoe off and I'll grab it," he says, still holding my braid.

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I complain and pull the hairband off, myself, and hand it to him, "Fine, there you go," I say. He chuckles and ties it, then walks off, "See ya later, Jane!" he yells, not facing my direction, and throws one of his arms up in the air.

I roll my eyes and walk to my room, upstairs. We live in the same house. Under rule by Slenderman. Don't ask me why. It wasn't my choice. I was brought here after having my throat slit, by Jeff. Which is why we don't exactly get along. And I don't know why he likes my hair.

Chapter 3 by GuardianAscension



The next morning I hear a loud thud in the living room downstairs. I quickly get out of my bed and look down over the banister. Jeff has flung himself bluntly on the couch, "What the heck's happening out here?!" I ask.

He smiles up at me, then his smile fades, "You took your braid out," he says and sits up.

I shake my head at him, "Of course I did, what'd you think? I'd sleep with it?" I ask, "You know I hate it when my hair's up."

He walks up the stairs to where I'm standing, "I know," he says, "But I do like it when your hair's up, that's why I put it up." He smiles.

I sigh and turn my back to him, complaining as he grabs my hair again, "What do you want this time?" he asks.

I roll my eyes, "Gee... I don't know," I say sarcastically, "Whatever you want, Jeff."

I hear Jeff inhale deeply, as if smelling my hair, "Nope, you gotta go take a shower again, it doesn't smell like roses anymore."

I complain and turn around, crossing my arms and looking at him, "Why don't you do your own hair?" I ask, examining the length of his hair, it is pretty impressive, and about the same length as mine, "It's long enough."

He does a short growl at me, "Because I'm a guy, I don't do my hair!"

See more of Story Wars

"Guys don't have girl hair!"

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"Okay, I'll go take my shower."

behind me.

name, I cover my mouth,

and locking the door

I hate it when I use his nickname, because it makes him angry. And I'd rather him not be angry, as I've said, he's slit my throat before, he's not afraid to do it again.

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